

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A  
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident. No. 50/LDL 9351N

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6X

'The Mark of the Rani'

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE ONE

Producer ..... JOHN NATHAN-TURNER  
Script Editor ..... ERIC SAWARD  
Production Associate ..... SUE ANSTRUTHER  
Production Secretary ..... SARAH LEE  
  
Director ..... SARAH HELLINGS  
Production Manager ..... ALEX GOHAR  
A.F.M. .... PENNY WILLIAMS  
Production Assistant .....  
  
Designer ..... PAUL TRERISE  
Costume Designer .....  
Make-Up Artist ..... PAULINE COX  
Visual Effects Designer ..... DAVID BARTON  
  
Technical Co-ordinator ..... ALAN ARBUTHNOT  
Lighting Director .....  
Sound Supervisor ..... ANDY STACEY  
Video Effects ..... DAVE CHAPMAN  
  
Music ..... JOHN LEWIS  
Special Sound ..... DICK MILLS

FILMING:

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL:

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio: 18/19/20 November 1984

TRANSMISSION: TBA

TX 1985



"DOCTOR WHO"    'The Mark of the Rani'    EPISODE ONE    SERIAL 6X

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
PERI  
MASTER  
RANI  
LORD RAVENSWORTH  
JACK WARD  
TIM BASS  
DRAYMAN  
GUARD  
GREEN  
RUDGE  
YOUNG WOMAN  
OLDER WOMAN  
LUKE

NON-SPEAKING:

VILLAGERS  
MINERS  
AGGRESSORS  
GUARDS  
DOG  
HORSE  
RANI'S ASSISTANTS  
STREET VENDOR

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Tardis Console Room  
Bath-House Composite: Chamber  
                                  Lab.  
                                  Hall  
Pit Office  
Disused Mine Working

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Ext. Pit: Slag Heap  
          Perimeter Gate  
          Office  
          Shaft  
          Overhead Track



"DOCTOR WHO"    'The Mark of the Rani'    EPISODE ONE

TELECINE:    (cont)

Ext.    Village:    Outskirts  
                     Street  
                     Tavern  
                     Bath-House

Ext.    Redfern Vale:    Field  
                             Lane  
                             Path  
                             Stile

\* \* \* \* \*



"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6X

'The Mark of the Rani'

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE ONE

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(A FOREHEAD PUCKERED  
IN CONCENTRATION,  
THE DOCTOR IS AT THE  
CONSOLE MAKING  
ADJUSTMENTS)

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) Must  
get the co-ordinates spot on.

(PERI WALTZES IN  
DRESSED IN EARLY  
1800s COSTUME)

PERI: Hey, Doctor, this is great!

THE DOCTOR: The costume is too  
large?



PERI: Large?

THE DOCTOR: Isn't that the accepted meaning of great? A synonym for large.

PERI: Spare me the lecture, please.

(PUTTING UP FRILLY  
PARASOLE, SHE  
PIROUETTES)

What d'you reckon? Okay for the official opening of Kew Gardens?

THE DOCTOR: (LOST IN THOUGHT)  
Of course, great can also be used for high degree of magnitude. Someone elevated to power ...

(A TREMENDOUS JUDDER.

BOTH ARE THROWN OFF  
BALANCE AS THE TARDIS  
LURCHES)



TELECINE 1:

a) Ext. Pit. Overhead  
Track. Day.

In swirling dust, a small avalanche of coal is tipped from a truck on an overhead track.

Simultaneously a bell clangorously peals, signalling the end of a shift.

Flexing shoulders hunched by fatigue, the begrimed MINER manning the tipping operation, descends and heads for the pit gate.

Patrolling the perimeter fence is a GUARD with a dog on a leash.

b) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Tavern. Day.

Several blackened-faced MINERS reach the tavern.

One of them, TIM BASS, looks back.

TIM BASS: (CALLING) Coming in, Jack?

JACK WARD slouches past.

WARD: Nay, lad. Don't think I've strength to lift a Toby.



WARD and two others,  
EDWIN GREEN and SAM  
RUDGE, continue up  
the hill towards the  
bath-house.

c) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

Beneath a board reading  
'BATH-HOUSE', waits an  
OLD CRONE.

Her shawl cowl her head  
so that her gnarled  
features cannot be seen.

When the THREE MINERS  
frudge into view, she  
scurries into the house  
before them.



2. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(TAKING UP STATION AT  
THE DOOR TO THE  
BATH CHAMBER, THE OLD  
CRONE ACCEPTS COINS  
IN EXCHANGE FOR TOWELS)

OLD CRONE: Tha's wise ones. First  
here. When water's hot and clean.

WARD: Nay, not wise, Granma.  
Just fair wore out.



3. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(FORMERLY TWO ROOMS  
THE WINDOWS OF WHICH  
HAVE BEEN BOARDED  
OVER, THE SPARSE  
MAKESHIFT CHAMBER'S  
ONLY FURNITURE CONSISTS  
OF FOUR WATER-FILLED  
HIP BATHS.

THE MINERS HANG THEIR  
JACKETS ON PEGS.

WARD TOSSES HIS  
NECKERCHIEF AND  
MISSES)

WARD: Oh, stay there! (HE GROANS)  
I've hardly energy to wash.

(EDWIN GREEN RECOVERS  
THE NECKERCHIEF AND  
HANGS IT UP.

WARD MUSTERS A RUEFUL  
SMILE OF THANKS.

UNNOTICED BY THEM, A  
SMALL PIPE IS  
INFILTRATING A JET  
OF CRIMSON STEAM INTO  
THE ALREADY STEAM  
LADEN CHAMBER.

AS IT ENVELOPES THEM,  
THEY SLUMP TO THE  
FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.

CAMERA CENTRES ON WHAT  
IS APPARENTLY A SOLID  
WALL. A CRACK APPEARS,  
SLOWLY THE WALL SLIDES  
APART.



WAITING TO ENTER,  
ARE TWO MUSCULAR  
HUMANS WHOSE HEADS  
ARE ENCASED IN  
TRANSPARENT GLOBES  
WITH NOZZLED FILTERS)



4. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE TARDIS IS  
ON AN EVEN KEEL.

PERI AND THE DOCTOR  
ARE STUDYING THE  
CONSOLE)

PERI: (ANXIOUSLY) Well?

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) I've never  
felt better.

PERI: Wisecracks like that tell  
me one thing.

THE DOCTOR: What?

(HE IS ABSORBED IN  
THE CONTROLS AND  
IS PATIENTLY FOBBING  
HER OFF)

PERI: You haven't a clue what's  
going on.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I know what's going  
on. We're being manoeuvred off course.

PERI: Manoeuvred off course! You  
mean it isn't the Tardis malfunctioning  
again?

THE DOCTOR: Malfunctioning?  
(SAVOURS THE WORD) Malfunctioning  
(SHOUTS) Malfunctioning! After all  
the work I've done on it!



PERI: I only asked a simple question.

THE DOCTOR: So you did. But it was the wrong question. You know how sensitive I am about the Tardis.

PERI: So tell me what's going on.

(THE DOCTOR PEERS  
AT THE PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: The date co-ordinates are still constant. It's just the location that's being changed.

PERI: Being changed! Who by?

THE DOCTOR: Whom ... To use your vernacular, I haven't a clue.

(ANGRILY HE JABS AT  
THE CONTROLS)

PERI: Can't you override?

THE DOCTOR: Try not to be so obtuse! What d'you imagine I'm attempting to do?

THE DOCTOR: No. It's time distortion. (SUDDEN THOUGHT)  
As though there was another time machine nearby.

PERI: A Time Lord?



THE DOCTOR: Or a Dalek. Certainly  
an alien force of some sort.

PERI: On Earth?

(THE DOCTOR NODS)

I don't believe it. Not again.  
You would think they could find  
another planet to invade.



5. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE MUSCULAR HUMANS  
COME FROM BEYOND THE  
DIVIDED WALL CARRYING  
THE UNCONSCIOUS JACK  
WARD.

CAMERA CLOSES ON WARD.  
JUST BELOW THE HAIRLINE  
ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS  
NECK THERE IS A SIZEABLE,  
ROUND, RED MARK)



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Slag Heap. Day.

The Tardis materialises  
at the foot of a slag  
heap.

THE DOCTOR then PERI  
exit.

She eyes the bleak  
landscape with  
displeasure.

PERI: Some substitute for Kew  
Gardens!

THE DOCTOR: Try looking on the  
bright side. After all, isn't  
coal fossilized plant life?

THE DOCTOR is holding  
a tracking device.

PERI: What've you got there?

THE DOCTOR: Tracking device.  
Registers time distortion.  
Hoist up your skirts, Peri,  
we're off!



6. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL IS CLOSED.

BOISTEROUS, HYPERACTIVE,  
THE THREE MINERS, BATHED  
AND DRESSED, ARE FLICKING  
EACH OTHER WITH TOWELS.

GREEN, TAKING EXCEPTION  
TO A VICIOUS SWIPE, SPARS  
UP TO RUDGE.

THE CHALLENGE IS  
ACCEPTED, BUT THE  
HORSEPLAY RAPIDLY  
DEGENERATES INTO A  
SERIOUS FIGHT.

FINGERING THE RED MARK  
ON HIS NECK, WARD LEAVES.

ABANDONING THE FIGHT,  
THE OTHERS FOLLOW.

EACH HAS A SIMILAR RED  
MARK AND EACH HAS THE  
TENDANCY TO RUB IT AS  
THOUGH IT WERE AN  
IRRITANT.

(Note: Miners bearing  
the red mark will be  
referred to as AGGRESSORS.))



TELECINE 3:

a) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

An ELDERLY STREET VENDOR  
with only one leg and  
supported by a crutch,  
is selling muffins to a  
WOMAN CUSTOMER as the  
AGGRESSORS surge from  
the bath-house.

Deliberately, they  
jostle the WOMAN,  
kick away the VENDOR's  
crutch and up-end the  
tray.

Using the spilled  
muffins as footballs,  
they hustle on.

b) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Field. Day.

PERI and THE DOCTOR  
keep to the border  
path.

In mid-field is a  
scarecrow decked out  
in old workman's  
clothes.

THE DOCTOR has the  
tracer at arm's  
length.

PERI is more interested  
in the hedgerow flowers.

PERI: Most of these hedgerows  
won't exist soon. (cont ...)



THE DOCTOR, preoccupied,  
does not answer.

PERI: (cont) In the twentieth  
century, I mean. They're being  
chopped down to improve farming  
efficiency.

He is increasingly  
uneasy, but PERI  
is unaware of this.

PERI: My generation's already  
worried about the affect on wild  
life. Some species of butterflies  
are almost extinct. Birds too.

THE DOCTOR: Talking of birds -  
have you noticed anything strange?

PERI: Strange?

She looks around.

PERI'S P.O.V. -  
there is an eerie  
stillness about  
the field.

THE DOCTOR: No birdsong ... And  
no birds ...

PERI: (INDICATING) Could be the  
scarecrow.

THE DOCTOR: They're not usually  
this effective.

PERI: Well, if the place gives  
you the creeps, let's get out of  
it!



PERI makes for the gate.

THE DOCTOR, still vaguely ill at ease, tags along.

From mid-field, just behind the scarecrow, we see them go through the gate.

Slowly the inclined head of the scarecrow lifts.

c) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Lane. Day.

At a steady trot, a horse-drawn dray, loaded with a crate, rounds a bend in the narrow lane.

Coming from the opposite direction is JACK WARD.

DRAYMAN: Finished for't day, Jack?

No reply.

The other AGGRESSORS join him.

Three abreast, they block the lane.

DRAYMAN: Come on, lads. Out of road. Got to deliver this lot to pit.

No movement.

Puzzled, nervous the DRAYMAN cracks his whip.

The gesture is received with unflinching contempt.



WARD catches hold of the snapping thong and yanks the DRAYMAN from the wagon.

But the target for their hostility is the crate.

With unbridled fury, they haul the crate from the wagon and commence to smash it and the machinery inside.

Recovering, the stunned DRAYMAN, wielding a length of packing case, thwacks JACK WARD, knocking him into the ditch.

This is his only victory -  
A clout sends him reeling.

d) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Path. Day.

The hubbub of splintering timber and the terrified neighing of a horse, takes THE DOCTOR's attention from the tracer.

Perplexed, he and PERI approach a stile giving access to the lane.

e) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Lane. Day.

Vandalism completed the TWO AGGRESSORS decamp.

Forsaking the recumbent JACK WARD, they run towards the stile.



f) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Stile. Day.

Fractionally before THE DOCTOR and PERI get to the stile, the TWO AGGRESSORS, pelting each other with packing straw, go by.

g) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Lane. Day.

Coming from the stile, it is the horse to which THE DOCTOR hurries, soothing and calming the disturbed animal.

A HAND groping above the debris attracts PERI.

PERI: Doctor!

She runs to assist the DRAYMAN.

PERI: Here, let me help.

The DRAYMAN tries to rise, but sags to his knees.

PERI: Why did they attack you?

THE DOCTOR: They didn't.

Examining the  
DRAYMAN'S HEAD.

THE DOCTOR: They attacked the machinery.



DRAYMAN: That's right, Miss. They was after smashing up machinery.

PERI: I'm lost. Why would anyone want to smash machinery?

DRAYMAN: They're scared it'll rob them of their jobs.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe.

PERI: You suspect another motive?

THE DOCTOR: (AMBIGUOUSLY) Let's say I'm keeping an open mind.  
(TO DRAYMAN) Try standing.

A groan from the ditch.

THE DOCTOR goes to JACK WARD.

DRAYMAN: Odd that. Leaving him behind. They're usually such mates.

h) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Stile. Day.

From the P.O.V. of an unseen observer, we see THE DOCTOR attending to WARD.

A branch partly obscures the view.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND lowers it.

i) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Lane. Day.

THE DOCTOR: (DISCOVERING RED MARK) Unusual sort of mark. Any idea how it got there -



Belligerently, WARD  
shoves THE DOCTOR  
aside.

PERI: Hey!

THE DOCTOR: Steady now. Only  
trying to help.

Flourishing a piece  
of timber, WARD  
backs away.

DRAYMAN: What's got into you,  
Jack? (TO DOCTOR) Can't fathom  
it. Never seen him like this  
afore.

Having gained several  
yards, WARD turns  
and hares off.

PERI: So much for playing the  
Good Samaritan!

j) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Adj. Stile. Day.

Faculties not completely  
unscrambled, WARD pauses,  
sees the scarecrow on the  
other side of the stile  
(the unseen observer).

Heaving the piece of  
timber at him, he races  
on along the lane.

(Note: Although WARD  
will have seen the  
features of the  
scarecrow, the viewer  
will not.).



k) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Lane. Day.

The DRAYMAN picks up a  
scrap of broken machinery.

PERI: I guess this lot's had  
it!

DRAYMAN: Mister Stephenson's  
not going to be well pleased.

THE DOCTOR: Stephenson?

DRAYMAN: Waiting for them parts,  
he is.

THE DOCTOR: George Stephenson?

DRAYMAN: Aye, sir. Dost know  
him?

THE DOCTOR: Know of him. (TO  
PERI) How d'you like to meet a  
genius?

PERI: I thought I already had!

THE DOCTOR: No, Peri. I've  
never changed the course of  
history. Indeed, I'm forbidden  
so to do. But George Stephenson  
will.

PERI: (SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Could  
that be what all this is about?



THE DOCTOR: An astute observation,  
Peri. (URGENTLY TO DRAYMAN) Can  
you give us a lift?

DRAYMAN: Certainly, sir.

They clamber aboard  
the dray.

1) Ext. Redfern Vale.  
Adj. Stile. Day.

As the clop of the horse's  
hoofs begin, the SCARECROW  
climbs the stile.



TELECINE 4:

a) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

A BOY, booting a muffin along the road, is beckoned impatiently by the OLD CRONE as she comes into the street.

OLD CRONE: Here. Run to tavern.  
Tell men who want bath to come right now.

Grabbing the proffered coin, the BOY skips off.

OLD CRONE: (CALLING) Warn them  
us won't be keeping water hot much longer!

The dray, with THE DOCTOR and PERI abroad, rumbles by.

The tracer quivers and begins broadcasting weird bleeps, startling everyone, including the OLD CRONE.

PERI: (EXASPERATED) Doctor!

She watches as THE DOCTOR frantically attempts to subdue his errant invention and the DRAYMAN to subdue his horse.



7. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(ALL IS IN READINESS  
FOR THE NEXT  
CUSTOMERS.

ADJUSTING HER SHAWL,  
THE OLD CRONE EXITS)



DRAYMAN: Whoa, Daisy! Whoa!

Calm restored, THE DOCTOR glances round selfconsciously - the OLD CRONE quickly averts her head.

PERI: Was that significant?  
Or just a hiccup?

THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. We did hit a nasty bump just there.

They continue.

The OLD CRONE gazes after them.

b) Ext. Village. Adj. Tavern. Day.

THREE MINERS, accompanied by the BOY, are leaving the tavern.

One of them, TIM BASS, gives the approaching DRAYMAN a tired but friendly nod as he passes.

THE DOCTOR: (SHARPLY) Why are you stopping here?

DRAYMAN: I still feel a bit shook up. I need a Toby afore I tell them at pit about attack.

THE DOCTOR: (DISEMBARKING)  
Where will I find George Stephenson?



DRAYMAN: (POINTING AHEAD) In  
pit. 'Appen thou put in word  
for me. They'll be none too  
pleased 'bout machinery.

THE DOCTOR: (HURRYING AWAY) Yes.  
yes.

The DRAYMAN assists  
PERI down.

DRAYMAN: In't mighty hurry, in't  
he. Miss? Dost mean summat's  
wrong?

PERI: (SERIOUSLY) It does, I'm  
afraid. (MOVING OFF) But don't  
ask me what.

c) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

The OLD CRONE collects  
coins from the THREE  
MINERS.

BASS: We're not t'last, Granma.  
T'others be along when't emptied  
Tobys.

Ushering them inside,  
she contemplates the  
direction the dray took,  
then, thoughtfully,  
peers in the opposite  
direction before going  
inside.

As the door closes,  
PAN to alleyway.  
Scarecrow's discarded  
hat is tossed into  
SHOT.

He then removes wisps  
of straw from his  
sleeves as the SCARECROW  
moves into the street.  
... and for the first time  
we see the FEATURES of the  
MASTER ...



8. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE OLD CRONE  
RAMS HOME THE  
BOLT ON THE STREET  
DOOR)



TELECINE 5:

a) Ext. Village. Street.  
Adj. Bath-house. Day.

A sardonic smile plays  
upon the MASTER'S lips  
as he hears the thrust  
of the bolt.

MASTER: Primitive. An insult. But  
first things first ...

Heading in the direction  
THE DOCTOR took and  
smiles.

MASTER: I've a death to arrange ...

b) Ext. Pit. Gate and  
Perimeter Fence. Day.

Fangs bared, snarling,  
a dog, straining on  
its leash, warns of  
The Doctor's and Peri's  
approach.

With an armed GUARD,  
it secures the gate.

PERI: What've they got in there?  
Coal or diamonds?

Strategically  
positioned, more armed  
GUARDS create the  
impression of a  
besieged fortress.



THE DOCTOR: Machinery. More specifically George Stephenson. And he's -

PERI: I know. One of the architects of the Industrial Revolution.

THE DOCTOR: And I didn't exaggerate. Without his genius, your precious twentieth century would be a much sorrier place. (EYEING THE DOG) We've got to get in there.

PERI: Easier said ...! That dog doesn't look as though it's been fed today!

With absolute confidence, THE DOCTOR tries to brazen his way past the GUARD.

GUARD: Oy! Where dost thing tha's going?

He lengthens the leash.

The dog leaps ferociously, jaws snapping.

THE DOCTOR: To see George Stephenson. Can you tell me where he'll be?

GUARD: No-one gets in here without a pass.

THE DOCTOR: My dear man, a pass - I am a VIP!



GUARD: If tha be here for  
t'meeting, tha'd have special pass.

THE DOCTOR: Meeting?

PERI: We've been travelling.  
The pass obviously never reached  
us.

The GUARD still regards  
them suspiciously.

GUARD: Then tha's name will be  
on't list.

Before he can consult  
the clip-board he is  
holding, THE DOCTOR  
confiscates it.

THE DOCTOR: Here, let me see that.

The dog growls  
menacingly.

PERI flinches.

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) Kindly  
control that animal! (READING)  
James Watt, Thomas Telford,  
Michael Faraday Humphrey Davy -  
Good heavens, Peri! D'you  
recognise them?

PERI: I'm not totally ignorant.  
What's the noun for a collection  
of geniuses? A bevy?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. But  
I do know the men who will be  
at this meeting transformed  
history.



ANOTHER ANGLE.

Some fifty metres from  
the pit, the MASTER  
pauses as he witnesses  
the padlocking of the  
gate.

Angrily changing tack,  
he seeks an alternative  
way in.



GUARD: That's as maybe.  
(RECLAIMING BOARD) Is the name  
on't list?

THE DOCTOR: An oversight.

GUARD: Oh, aye? A genius too  
art tha?

THE DOCTOR: Indeed I am. I'm  
also an inventor. Look!

He waggles the tracer  
under the GUARD'S NOSE.

Again the dog growls.

PERI: (ANXIOUSLY TAKING OVER)  
I must apologise. (A WINNING  
SMILE) The Doctor's a little  
eccentric.

GUARD: Doctor, is he? I could  
maybe ask in't office.

PERI: Would you? How kind.

GUARD: (CALLING) Harry!

A GUARD comes from  
a shed.

GUARD: The gate!

He tosses the keys.

GUARD: Best lock it. (TO PERI)  
This way, Miss.

THE DOCTOR: (FOLLOWING)  
Eccentric? Me? Preposterous!



9. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(THE GUARD ESCORTS  
PERI AND THE DOCTOR  
INTO THE UNOCCUPIED  
OFFICE)

GUARD: If tha'll sit thee down,  
I'll see if I can find Mister  
Stephenson.

THE DOCTOR: I'll come with you -

GUARD: Nay! Tha'll bide here!  
(TO DOG) Stay!

(HE EXITS.

THE DOG REMAINS  
NEAR THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: (ADVANCING ON DOG)  
Good dog ... Good Fido ...

PERI: What're you up to?

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO SIDLE  
PAST) Good boy, then. Let the  
nice Doctor through -

(THE DOG GROWLS)

PERI: I guess he's not  
susceptible to your irresistible  
charm!

THE DOCTOR: (TURNING ON HER)  
Occasionally - just occasionally  
- your smugness infuriates me!

(ANOTHER GROWL)



PERI: Keep your voice down!  
Time Lords may not get rabies  
but humans do! And that dog  
looks more than ready to bite.

THE DOCTOR: Will you stop  
prattling about the dog!

(HE CROSSES TO THE  
WINDOW)

Something's going on here.

(HE TUGS THE  
WINDOW)

I don't fully understand what.

(ANOTHER IMPATIENT  
TUG)

But I'm increasingly convinced  
it's got to be stopped!

PERI: Could be you're jumping  
the gun.

THE DOCTOR: Really? That's  
your assessment?

(HE ABANDONS THE  
WINDOW WHICH HAS  
REMAINED OBSTINATELY  
SHUT)

Did you see the date at the top  
of that list? (cont ....)

(HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR  
ANOTHER MEANS OF  
ESCAPE)



THE DOCTOR: (cont) In less than two days, a meeting will take place -here - of many of the greatest practical talents the human race has produced. A coincidence?

PERI: Unlikely, I agree.

THE DOCTOR: Well, waiting around in an office isn't going to provide the answer.

(THE DOG, SNARLING,  
RISES)

PERI: I warned you to cool it.

(THE DOG PADS NEARER  
THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: It's not me ...



TELECINE 6:

Ext. Pit. Gate and  
Perimeter Fence. Day.

Frustrated by the  
patrolling armed GUARDS,  
the MASTER returns to  
the gate area.

Needing a distraction  
to lure the GUARD from  
his post, the MASTER,  
using the tce, shrinks  
the supporting leg of  
a loading platform,  
causing it to collapse.

The ruse succeeds.  
The GUARD hurries to  
investigate.

The MASTER moves  
towards the gate.



10. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(BRISTLING, SNARLING,  
THE DOG IS POISED  
IN THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: You can't blame me for  
this.

(JUST A TREMULOUS  
GULP FROM PERI.  
SHE SHARES HIS  
FEAR OF THE AROUSED  
ANIMAL.

BOTH START NERVOUSLY  
AS, WITH A SHRILL  
YELP, IT BOUNDS  
FROM THE OFFICE)

PERI: He's really spooked. I  
wonder why? Doctor - ?

(TRACER ALOFT, THE  
DOCTOR MAKES A  
LIGHTNING EXIT)



TELECINE 7:

a) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

Maintaining an assumed casualness, the MASTER strolls to the gate and is fingering the padlock ... the dog comes hurtling between the sheds.

Barking ferociously, it leaps at the gate.

Recoiling, enraged, the MASTER draws the tce ... and eliminates the (OFF CAMERA) dog. It's death howl is short but terrible.

The action has been seen by HARRY the GUARD. Attracted by the commotion, he has backtracked.

He is unshouldering his gun, when he, too, is killed.

Showing no remorse, the MASTER looks about, confirming the slaughter has gone unnoticed.

b) Ext. Pit. Adj. Office. Day.

Intent, PERI listens.

PERI: It's stopped.

THE DOCTOR, who is peering into a shed, raps the tracer.



THE DOCTOR: No, it's still functioning.

PERI: The dog! It's not barking.

He pauses, listening.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) 'There was silence deep as death'.

PERI: That's morbid.

THE DOCTOR: Possibly.

He moves on.

c) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

WARD and TWO OTHER AGGRESSORS, RUDGE and GREEN, come into view.

Instead of retreating, the MASTER opts for confrontation.

MASTER: (TO WARD) You there! You were in the lane. Smashing machinery.

WARD: Never mind machinery. What's tha doing here?

RUDGE: That's easy. He's one of brainy ones. Arrived early for this meeting!

Belligerently, they close in.

WARD: Aye, come to rob us of us jobs!



MASTER: (IMPERIOUSLY) Hold hard!  
I intend you no harm.

GREEN: Talks funny, don't he?  
(MIMICKING) 'Hold hard'!

He scoops up a stone,  
clenches it in his  
fist.

GREEN: This hard enough?

MASTER: Imbeciles! Are you  
incapable of using your brains!  
What advantage will that bring  
you? (TO WARD) You let the man  
you should have destroyed go  
free!

His verbal onslaught  
confuses them.

WARD: I did? What's tha on  
about?

MASTER: In the lane. He  
pretended to help you. Help!  
He's a friend of Stephenson's  
An inventor. Here to mechanise  
the mine.

RUDGE: Dost know what he's  
getting at, Jack?

WARD: Doing nowt but trying to  
save his skin!

MASTER: Ask him. Ask him why  
he's trying to take the bread  
out of your mouths.

GREEN: Us'll do more than ask!  
Where is he? Dost know?



MASTER: He's just gone into the pit.

GREEN kicks savagely at the padlock. To no avail.

MASTER: Let me.

Shielding the lock from the AGGRESSORS, he takes out a pencil-thin laser.

MASTER: You can't mistake him. Mean looking.

The laser burns through the padlock.

MASTER: Wearing yellow trousers and a coloured coat.

The MASTER swings the gate wide.

MASTER: A word of warning. Go carefully. He's treacherous ...

d) Ext. Pit. Adj. Shaft.  
Day.

Trying to stay with the impatient DOCTOR, PERI stumbles, and, in steadying herself, knocks over a safety lamp.

THE DOCTOR: Careful, careful.

PERI: What are we doing here?



THE DOCTOR: I must find  
Stephenson.

PERI: He could be underground.  
Anywhere.

She peers over the  
rim of the shaft, gulps,  
sways, vertigo.

INSERT SHOT of SHAFT  
emphasising the  
seemingly bottomless,  
inky depth.

A HAND clasps PERI'S  
SHOULDER.

THE DOCTOR: Peri, you have an  
extraordinary capacity for  
seeking out danger.

PERI: Doctor! (LOOKING BEYOND  
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: You must learn to  
avoid getting into situations -

PERI: Doctor!

A chunk of coal comes  
hurling at him!

He ducks. Dodges  
behind a truck on the  
turntable fronting  
the shaft.

The THREE AGGRESSORS  
close.

He swivels the truck,  
keeping it between  
himself and them.



With arrogant ease,  
the brawny WARD grabs  
the truck and shunts  
it trundling along the  
track.

THE DOCTOR: Peri! Get away from  
here!

PERI: But -

THE DOCTOR: Don't argue! Go!

His foot catches in  
the rail ... he staggers.

A smart kick from  
GREEN knocks the  
tracer from his grip,  
sending it over the  
edge of the shaft.

After what appears an  
eternity to THE DOCTOR,  
there is a faint thud.

THE DOCTOR: Now you've really  
gone too far! After all the  
effort that went into constructing -

RUDGE lunges into him.

They topple into the  
crash barrier.

Their joint weight  
causes it to snap -

For a brief moment  
they totter on the  
brink, before going over.

THE DOCTOR grabs for  
the lift ropes, but  
RUDGE misses and falls.



Rudge's long, diminishing scream underscores the sickening drop to the bottom.

Helplessly, THE DOCTOR dangles in mid-air.

e) Ext. Pit. Adj.  
Gate and Perimeter  
Fence. Day.

From a covert vantage point, the MASTER spectates with malicious glee.

f) Ext. Pit. Adj. Shaft.  
Day.

Suspended over the terrifying blackness, THE DOCTOR clings onto the ropes for dear life.

Incensed by the fate of Rudge, the AGGRESSORS have armed themselves with a pit prop. With vicious jabs, they poke at THE DOCTOR.

PERI: Leave him alone! Stop!

Arms flailing, she attacks WARD. Almost indifferently he brushes her aside.

PERI: Help! Someone help! (cont ...)

The prodding has forced THE DOCTOR to lose the grip of one hand.

Hysterically, PERI pelts lumps of coal at the ASSAILANTS, some of which miss and spray THE DOCTOR.



PERI: (cont) Are you crazy!  
You'll kill him!

Ignoring her, spurred on by their success as THE DOCTOR's hold weakens, they thrust at his dangling body with increasing ferocity.

A shot blasts out.

The portly, well-dressed, LORD RAVENSWORTH storms onto the scene accompanied by the GUARD.

RAVENSWORTH: Stop that or I'll blast you to kingdom come!

He levels the blunderbuss, takes aim.

The AGGRESSORS scarper.  
The GUARD goes to give chase.

RAVENSWORTH: Forget them!  
Quickly, haul that man to safety!

Using the abandoned pit prop, PERI and the GUARD assist THE DOCTOR onto terra firma.

THE DOCTOR: Almost at the end of my tether, eh?

PERI: It's no joke!

THE DOCTOR: (TO RAVENSWORTH) I can't thank you enough. But for your very opportune arrival, I - (HE SHRUGS)



RAVENSWORTH: Thank their stupidity. (INDICATING GUN) I'd used up the shot. Would've taken at least two minutes to reload. They had plenty of time to finish your friend off.

The doctor swallows hard.

RAVENSWORTH: Now perhaps you'll tell me who you are. And I don't want any flummery about VIPs. I'm Lord Ravensworth. The owner. I issued - personally - the invitations to the meeting. And your face is not one I recall! (AN ORDER) My office! (LEADING THE WAY) V.I.P.s indeed ...!

g) Ext. Pit. Adj. Gate.  
and Perimeter Fence. Day.

With bad tempered grace,  
the MASTER departs.



11. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: He's quite right, of course.

(ACKNOWLEDGING  
GUARD)

We shouldn't have deceived him.  
But how else could we have got in.

RAVENSWORTH: Spare me the dubious  
pragmatism! Came to see George  
Stephenson, you say?

THE DOCTOR: I'm a great admirer.

RAVENSWORTH: (SCEPTICALLY) Must be  
if you're prepared to resort to  
trickery! How do I know you're not  
in league with these machinery  
wreckers? These wretched  
Luddites!

THE DOCTOR: Really! Do I look like  
a man who would wreck machines.

(PERI CLOSSES HER  
EYES IN SILENT PRAYER  
AS RAVENSWORTH SOURLY  
APPRAISES THE DOCTOR.

ABRUPTLY HE TAKES  
THE DOCTOR'S HANDS  
AND TURNS THEM PALMS  
UP)

RAVENSWORTH: Certainly you've never  
done a day's labour in your life.  
(cont ...)

(HE IGNORES THE  
DOCTOR'S AFFRONTED  
LOOK)



RAVENSWORTH: (cont) (DOUBTFULLY) It's possible you may even be a gentleman.

GUARD: Shall us get up a search for them two who attacked this - er - gentleman, m'lord?

RAVENSWORTH: Leave them. They'll've gone to ground.

PERI: Leave them! They wanted to kill The Doctor!

RAVENSWORTH: I'm not disputing that, young woman. A brutal attack. On a complete stranger.

(SUSPICIOUSLY TO  
DOCTOR)

I take it you were not acquainted.

THE DOCTOR: I'd met the big fellow briefly when I tried to help him.

RAVENSWORTH: That'll be Jack Ward. Over thirty years he's worked for me. In all that while I've never seen him raise his fists to another man.

PERI: Well he's undergone a change now!

THE DOCTOR: (AMBIGUOUSLY) Yes ... he has, hasn't he ...



TELECINE 8:

Ext. Village. Street.  
Day.

In their haste to escape  
WARD and GREEN collide  
with TWO WOMEN walking  
towards the pit.

Shoving the WOMEN aside,  
they run on.



12. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: The disruptions only started recently?

RAVENSWORTH: Disruption is a tardy description! There've been Luddite attacks on machinery all over the country. But here -

(HE SHAKES  
HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: It's been more extreme?

RAVENSWORTH: The violence has been horrendous.

PERI: Murderous would be more apt.

THE DOCTOR: (REPROVINGLY) Peri ...

RAVENSWORTH: No, the young lady's right. I don't understand what's going on. I've always had an excellent relationship with the men. Flattered myself I enjoyed their trust and respect. Now this nightmare ...

(HE GOES TO  
THE WINDOW)



TELECINE 9:

Ext. Pit. Shaft.

Day.

The attempt to raise  
the body has commenced.

Suddenly the sounds of  
heightened women's  
voices can be heard  
coming from the direction  
of the gate OS.



13. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

RAVENSWORTH: (RESIGNEDLY) They've obviously heard about the accident.

PERI: Accident!

RAVENSWORTH: (TO GUARD) Bring the women here.

(THE GUARD GOES)

THE DOCTOR: Is it just the men who are affected?

RAVENSWORTH: Yes. They become savage. Go beserk. Seem to suffer a complete change of personality ...



14. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(TWO MINERS LIE,  
COMATOSE ON TROLLEYS.

THE MUSCULAR HUMANS  
(ASSISTANTS) STAND  
PASSIVELY IN A CORNER.

ONE MINER ALREADY HAS  
A TUBE CLAMPED TO  
THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS  
NECK (WHERE THE RED  
MARK IS ALWAYS TO BE  
FOUND).

THIS IS CONNECTED TO  
A COMPACT COMPUTER.

A MONITOR SCREEN  
DISPLAYS A MULTICOLOURED  
SKULL. ANOTHER TUBE  
LEADS FROM THE  
COMPUTER TO A CRYSTAL FLAGON.  
MINUSCULE GLOBULES OF  
FLUID DRIP INTO THE  
FLAGON.

THE OLD CRONE STUDIES  
THE MONITOR SCREEN, THEN  
TURNS TO CONNECT THE  
OTHER MINER)



15. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(UNAIDED, THE  
BOLT GLIDES BACK.

PUTTING AN ELECTRONIC  
MAGNET INTO HIS  
POCKET, THE MASTER  
STEPS IN)



16. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL PARTS AND  
THE ASSISTANTS COME  
THROUGH CARRYING THE  
FIRST MINER.

AFTER LOWERING HIM  
TO THE FLOOR, THEY PICK  
UP THE REMAINING MINER  
AND RETURN BEYOND  
THE WALL.

THE MASTER EASES THE  
HALL DOOR WIDER)



17. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE OLD CRONE IS  
SEALING A TINY  
PHIAL OF BRAIN FLUID,  
AN ABRUPT PAUSE.  
REFLECTED IN THE  
CRYSTAL FLAGON IS  
THE MOCKING IMAGE OF  
THE MASTER)

MASTER: No welcome?

RANI: You're not!

(THE SHAWL SLIPS  
AS HER HUNCHED SHOULDERS  
AND SPINE STRAIGHTEN  
TO REVEAL SHE IS  
ONLY IN HER THIRTIES.

FROM NOW ON, THE  
RANI ONLY ADOPTS THE  
"OLD CRONE" IMAGE  
WHEN IN CONTACT WITH..  
THE LOCAL VILLAGERS, ALTHOUGH  
SHE MAINTAINS HER "OLD  
CRONE" MAKE-UP UNTIL  
STATED IN EPISODE TWO)

MASTER: (LOOKING ABOUT)  
Fascinating. But then anything  
connected with you would undoubtedly  
be fascinating, my dear Rani.

RANI: I thought that last mad scheme  
of yours had finished you for good.

MASTER: You jest, of course, I am  
indestructable! The whole universe  
knows that.

RANI: Pity!



MASTER: Really, my dear Rani, you and I should be friends. I am one of your greatest admirers.

RANI: Don't bother with flattery. I know why you're here. I saw The Doctor.

MASTER: Then you know why I need your co-operation.

RANI: Co-operation! I want nothing to do with you.

MASTER: You may change your mind when you hear my proposition.

RANI: I'm not concerned with your pathetic vendetta. One way or the other. Now clear off and let me get on with my work.

MASTER: If only it were that simple.

(FINGERING THE  
APPARATUS)

However, I'm afraid you have little choice.

(DELIBERATELY FLICKING  
A PIECE OF TUBING,  
CAUSING THE MONITOR  
SCREEN TO REACT  
ADVERSELY)

Either you collaborate - or I bring this little venture to an extremely untimely end ...

RANI: Josh! Tom! Kill! (cont ...)



(THE TWO ASSITANTS LURCH  
FOR THE MASTER.

BUT HE IS TOO QUICK.

HE FIRES THE TCE, TOM  
IS ELIMINAYED.

HE POINTS IT AT JOSH)

RANI: (cont) No, Josh! Stand still,  
Josh!

(JOSH IMMEDIATELY  
OBEYS)



18. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

YOUNG WOMAN: My Josh, your lordship.  
Been missing for days.

(THE TWO WOMEN WHO  
WERE BUSTLED BY THE  
AGGRESSORS CONFRONT  
RAVENSWORTH)

OLDER WOMAN: It's not just her Josh  
that's missing. Our Tom's gone too.

THE DOCTOR: When?

(REALISING FROM  
RAVENSWORTH'S FROWN  
THAT HE IS INTRUDING)

Forgive me, Ravensworth. It is  
important.

(TO WOMEN)

When did they go missing?

OLDER WOMAN: Nowt's been seen of  
them since they come off shift  
together.

PERI: Perhaps they've joined these  
Luddites.

OLDER WOMAN: Join that mob of lunatics!  
Smashing and rampaging day and  
night frightening folks out of us beds.

YOUNG WOMAN: My Josh wouldn't join  
them. he wouldn't hard, anyone ...



19. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(JOSH UNCEREMONIOUSLY  
ROLLS AN UNCONSCIOUS MINER  
ONTO HIS BACK, THEN  
RETIRES TO A CORNER)

RANI: You and the Doctor are a well  
matched pair of pests!

(SHE HAS BUSTLED IN,  
THE MASTER AT HER HEELS)

You bring nothing but trouble. Now  
I need a new assistant!

(SHE TAKES OUT A  
PILL BOX, LIFTS THE  
LID.

INSIDE, GLOWING  
FLUORESCENTLY, ARE  
TINY, SQUIRMING MAGGOTS.

INTRIDUGED, THE MASTER  
WATCHES AS SHE TIPS  
SOME INTO THE MOUTH OF  
THE MINER)

MASTER: I wasn't wrong! I knew with  
you as controller it wouldn't be  
hypnotism. Not from a chemist of your  
calibre. What are they? Parasites  
you've specially impregnated.

RANI: (EXTENDING THE BOX) There's a  
simple way to find out! Try some!

MASTER: Thank you, I won't. (GRABBING  
BOX) But I can envisage an occasion  
when they may serve an excellent  
cause ...



(RANI ATTEMPTS  
TO RECLAIM THE BOX)

RANI: I was offering you one, not  
the lot!

MASTER: (ENGIMATICALLY) I can  
assure you your generosity will not  
be wasted ...

(THE MINER'S HEAD  
IS SUFFUSED WITH A  
BLUE GLOW.

WHEN IT ABATES, HIS  
EYES BLINK INTO A  
FIXED STARE)

RANI: (CURTLY) Take him through,  
Josh.

MASTER: Brilliant! Quite brilliant!  
When the Time Lords exiled you they  
made a cardinal error.

RANI: Yes. They did. And they'll  
learn to regret it. (EXITING)  
So will anyone else who interferes!



20. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

PERI: (QUIETLY) Doctor, let's get out of here. Away from Killingworth.

(IN BACKGROUND RAVENSWORTH  
IS ESCORTING THE  
TWO WOMEN FROM THE  
OFFICE)

THE DOCTOR: I can't do that.

PERI: But you're in danger! That attack wasn't random. Those louts tried to kill you!

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Why?. Aren't you interested in why they should make me a target?

PERI: Not in the least. I can't think of a better reason for abandoning this visit

THE DOCTOR: You're forgetting. We didn't just stumble into this place. We were hijacked.

PERI: I'm forgetting nothing. The Luddites are not our problem.

THE DOCTOR: I agree.

PERI: (ACCUSINGLY) You don't believe it is the Luddites.

THE DOCTOR: Do you? (NO RESPONSE)  
Until I know what's going on, we stay!



21. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

MASTER: You should co-operate, you know.

(THE RANI IS  
DISCONNECTING THE  
TUBE FROM THE NECK  
OF BASS)

The Doctor has had two run-ins with the results of your handiwork.

RANI: (TO ASSISTANTS) Take this one through.

(BOTH COMPLY)

MASTER: He won't tolerate someone deliberately playing havoc with his favourite planet.

RANI: Can't you get it into your warped skull that there's nothing deliberate about it. The aggression's an unfortunate side effect.

MASTER: Unfortunate? Fortuitous would be a more apposite epithet!

RANI: Put it how you like. I need the chemical.

(DISCONNECTING THE  
CRYSTAL FLAGON)

The only source is the human brain. It can have no relevance to you or your machinations.



(RANI IS VERY  
CAREFULLY TIPPING THE  
BRAIN FLUID INTO THE  
PHIAL)

MASTER: Ah, but then, as yet, you are  
not appraised of my purpose in  
being here.

RANI: To destroy the Doctor. You've  
never had any other. It obsesses you  
to the exclusion of all else.

MASTER: You underestimate me.  
Certainly I want to destroy him.  
to see him suffer! But that will be  
an exquisite first step. I have a  
greater concept. One that will  
encompass the whole human race.

(AN ALL-EMBRACING  
SWEEP OF HIS ARMS.

THE RANI STUDIES  
HIM, LIKE A SPECIMEN  
ON A SLIDE)

RANI: You're unbalanced.

(A COLD STATEMENT  
OF FACT.

SHE SEALS THE  
PHIAL)

No wonder the Doctor always outwits  
you.

(ANGER REPLACES  
EUPHORIA. HE SNATCHES  
THE PHIAL)

RANI: Put that down!

(SAVOURING HER SUDDEN  
FEAR, HE EXAMINES THE  
PHIAL)



1/65 -

MASTER: Don't get much, do you?

RANI: There's only a minute amount in each brain.

MASTER: Why does extracting this make humans so aggressive?

(NO RESPONSE.

HE RAISES HIS  
ARM, THREATENING TO  
DROP THE PHIAL)

I'll not ask again.

RANI: Because without that chemical the brain cannot rest.

MASTER: Ah, now I understand. You need it for your aliens.

(A SHARP REACTION  
OF SURPRISE FROM  
THE RANI )

On Miasimia Goria.

(A SMILE AT HER  
ANNOYANCE)

Oh, I dropped in on your domain before following you here. Chaos! Complete mayhem! What went wrong?

RANI: Wrong? Who said anything went wrong?

MASTER: You rule there. Absolutely. I assume one of your schemes didn't turn out quite as you expected.



RANI: A small matter. In the process of heightening the awareness of my aliens, I lowered their ability to sleep. They became -

MASTER: - difficult to control. On the other hand, with this (THE PHIAL) and those impregnated parasites, their talents are yours to command. Such power ... (POINTING) Is that a scanner?

RANI: Find out!

(THE MASTER REMOVES  
THE CAP, TIPS THE  
PHIAL, DELIBERATELY  
ALLOWING ONE DROP OF  
THE LIQUID TO DRIP)

Who d'you want?

MASTER: The Doctor.

RANI: Where did you see him last?

MASTER: At the pit.

(SHE SETS THE  
CO-ORDINATES.

HER P.O.V. ON  
SCREEN, WE SCAN THE  
PIT, ZOOM IN ON  
SHAFT AREA.

DRAPED IN A BLANKET.  
RUDGE'S BODY IS  
BEING LOWERED ONTO A  
STRETCHER.

THE DOCTOR STRIDES  
INTO VIEW)



TELECINE 10:

Ext. Pit. Shaft.  
Area. Day.

Flustered and outpaced,  
RAVENSWORTH follows  
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: (TO STRETCHER BEARERS)  
Just a moment.

The BEARERS pause,  
THE DOCTOR raises  
the blanket, inspects  
the neck of the  
Aggressor (unseen)

Gently replacing the  
blanket, he confounds  
RAVENSWORTH by inspecting  
the necks of the BEARERS.

RAVENSWORTH: What the blazes are you  
doing, man!

THE DOCTOR: (TO BEARERS) Thank you..  
Carry on.

RAVENSWORTH: Do you hear me? What  
was that all about?

THE DOCTOR: Later. You said the son  
of one my attackers worked here.

RAVENSWORTH: Luke Ward. George  
Stephenson's assistant. Very capable  
young man. Spotted him when he was  
just a lad. My protege, as a matter  
of fact -



THE DOCTOR: (ALREADY RETURNING TO OFFICE) Find him for me, there's a good chap.

RAVENSWORTH: The dratted man's a positive law unto himself!



22. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE PIT AND ITS  
SAD CORTEGE ARE  
STILL ON THE  
SCANNER IN BACKGROUND)

MASTER: You see, we do have an  
allied cause. Unless you eliminate the  
Doctor, he'll bring this cosy  
operation to an end.

RANI: Then let's get on with it!

MASTER: My way!

(HOLDING UP  
THE PHIAL)

We do it my way! Any idea where  
those morons you created might be?

(SHE JABS THE  
CO-ORDINATES.

SEEN FROM THE  
P.O.V. OF ONE  
HER CONDITIONERS  
AGGRESSORS IS AN OLD  
DISUSED MINE WORKING.

SEVERAL AGGRESSORS  
ARE THERE, INCLUDING  
WARD AND GREEN.

THE MASTER TURNS  
TO LEAVE)

RANI: Where are you going?

(IGNORING HER,  
HE CONTINUES)



23. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE MASTER CROSSES  
TO THE HALL)

RANI: The brain fluid!

MASTER: Perfectly safe.

(SLAPPING HIS  
BREAST POCKET)

Next to my hearts. Both of them!

(HE EXITS)

RANI: (CALLING) Wait.



24. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(HURRYING, EXTRACTING  
SOMETHING FROM HER  
SKIRT POUCH, THE  
RANI EXPECTS TO  
SEE THE MASTER BY  
THE STREET DOOR,  
HE ISN'T.

INSTEAD HE HAS SIDE-  
STEPPED INTO THE  
PASSAGE, AND, BEFORE  
SHE CAN LOCATE HIM, HE  
CLAMPS HOLD OF HER  
WRIST)

MASTER: You're being uncharacteristi-  
cally supine.

RANI: Let me go!

MASTER: Not until you tell me what  
this is.

(HE PRISES HER  
FINGERS APART TO  
REVEAL ANOTHER  
PILL BOX)

RANI: Capsules for my lungs. The  
earth's damp atmosphere affects  
them.

(HE LIFTS THE  
LID.

INSIDE ARE, INDEED  
CAPSULES)

Do you trust anyone?



MASTER: Yes. Myself. Capsules  
they may be ... but don't touch them  
until that door closes between us!

(HE EXITS.

SHE GLARES AFTER  
HIM, ANGRILY  
SNAPS SHUT THE  
PILL BOX LEAVING  
THE CAPSULES  
UNTOCHED)



25. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

(LUKE WARD, IN HIS  
TWENTIES, IS  
WITH THE DOCTOR,  
PERI AND RAVENSWORTH)

THE DOCTOR: And your father was  
perfectly normal this morning?

RAVENSWORTH: The lad's told you he  
was!

THE DOCTOR: I know. I know. Bear  
with me. The answer's probably  
staring me in the face and I just  
can't see it.

PERI: When did you last talk to  
him, Luke?

LUKE: When he came off shift. He  
were on his way to bath-house.

THE DOCTOR: Bath-house?

LUKE: To get cleaned up.

PERI: Doctor, you recall when we  
passed the bath-house -

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING HER OFF) Luke,  
can you find me an old coat and cap?

LUKE: In't lobby, but ...

(DEFERRING TO  
RAVENSWORTH)



RAVENSWORTH: Bring them.

(LUKE LEAVES)

PERI: When we passed the bath-house,  
that instrument of yours -

THE DOCTOR: Reacted. Yes. Yes.  
And the attackers. I said it had  
been staring me in the face, didn't  
I? It was! Literally!

PERI: I don't get you.

RAVENSWORTH: Glad it's not just me.

THE DOCTOR: (DISCARDING HIS COAT)  
Those men didn't look as if they'd  
come straight from the pit, did they?

(LUKE RETURNS)

They were clean!

(SNATCHING COAT  
AND CAP. THE  
DOCTOR QUILTS THE  
OFFICE)

RAVENSWORTH: Is he often like this.

PERI: Too often! Excuse me.



TELECINE 11:

Ext. Pit. Adj.  
Office. Day.

THE DOCTOR, his back  
TO CAMERA, is rubbing  
his face.

PERI joins him.

PERI: Now what's going on?

THE DOCTOR: I'm about to follow -  
as you would term it - a hunch.

PERI: Must you? (NO RESPONSE)  
Okay, where do I fit in?

THE DOCTOR: You stay here where  
you'll be safe.

He pulls on the coat.

PERI: Safe! From the moment I  
first stepped into the Tardis, I  
haven't been safe!

THE DOCTOR: (TURNING) How do I  
look?

His face is blacked  
with coal dust.

PERI: Like a man who could do  
with a bath.



Donning the cap  
THE DOCTOR grins  
and sets off.

PERI waits, then,  
avoiding detection,  
begins to tail him.



26. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(THE MASTER WALKS  
INTO THE TENEBROUS  
MINE WORKING.

ALERT LISTENING)



27. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: No! Wait ... let him  
come further in.



27A. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(THE SCUFF OF A  
FOOT ON RUBBLE FROM  
DEEPER WITHIN,  
CAUSE THE MASTER  
TO HESITATE)



28. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: (ANGRILY) I told you to  
wait, you cretins! Wait! The  
man's armed!



29. INT. DUSUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(HAND PROTECTIVELY  
SEEKING THE TCE,  
THE MASTER PEERS  
TOWARDS THE  
ENTRANCE)



30. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

RANI: Now!



30A. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(IN SIMULTANEOUS  
ACTION, WARD STEPS  
OUT CUTTING OFF THE  
REAR AND, FROM A  
CAVITY IN THE  
ROOF, GREEN DROPS  
ON THE MASTER,  
KNOCKING HIM TO  
THE GROUND.

ROLLING, LOCKED  
TOGETHER, GREEN  
AND THE MASTER  
WRESTLE)



31. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(THE STRUGGLE IN  
THE MINE IS ON THE  
SCANNER)

RANI: My phial! The fools'll  
smash it!

(FROM A SKIRT POUCH  
SHE TAKES A MINI  
TRANSMITTER.

TAPS OUT A CODE.

GREEN CLUTCHES AT  
HIS NECK, THE RED  
MARK SPREADS ENCIRCLES  
HIS THROAT.

CHOKING, TEARING  
AT THE STAIN, HE  
DIES)



32. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(AS THE MASTER  
RISES, OTHER  
AGGRESSORS EMERGE  
FROM DEEPER  
WITHIN THE MINE.

ALL ARE STUNNED)

MASTER: (TO HIMSELF) The Mark of  
the Rani ...

(PRETENDING CONCERN,  
HE BENDS OVER  
GREEN'S BODY)

WARD: Is he dead?

(THE MASTER NODS)

I don't understand. How? What  
happened?

MASTER: I warned you that inventor  
was treacherous.

WARD: But he's not nowhere near.

MASTER: He doesn't have to be.  
He's got a machine that does his  
foul work for him.

WARD: A machine?

(THE MASTER PULLS OUT  
PAPER AND PEN)

MASTER: I'll show you.



33. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(ON THE SCANNER,  
THE MASTER IS  
SEEN DRAWING A  
SKETCH)

RANI: What's he up to now?

(A LOUD KNOCKING  
INTERRUPTS)

It'll be something devious and  
overcomplicated.

(SWITCHING OFF, SHE  
GOES TOWARDS  
THE CHAMBER)

He'd get dizzy if he tried to walk  
a straight line!



34. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE INSISTENT  
BANGING IS  
REPEATED.

AS THE RANI CROSSES  
THE ROOM, SHE PULLS  
THE SHAWL OVER  
HER HEAD)



35. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE RANI OPENS  
THE STREET DOOR)

RANI: Get on in. Get on in.  
Towels are t'already there.

(FOUR MINERS  
TROOP IN)



36. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THREE MINERS AND  
THE DISGUISED  
DOCTOR DISCARD  
THEIR JACKETS.

CRIMSON STEAM SEEPS  
INTO THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE MINERS SINK  
TO THE FLOOR. BUT  
THE DOCTOR, ENFEEBLED,  
TRIES TO RESIST.

WITHOUT AVAIL.  
HE, TOO, SINKS  
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)



37. INT. DISUSED MINE WORKING. DAY.

(A FINAL FLOURISH  
TO THE SKETCH)

WARD: What's that? A coffin?

(HE COMMANDEERS  
THE PAPER.

THE MASTER HAS  
DRAWN THE TARDIS)

MASTER: A coffin? An appropriate  
description! It's the machine that  
murdered your friend.

WARD: That thing?

(A NOD FROM THE  
MASTER)

MASTER: To be buried in the deepest  
mine shaft.

WARD: Can't see no point in burying a  
box. Better to bury him!

MASTER: Trust me. I give you my  
word. Destroying that will divest  
him of all his power.

WARD: Where is it? Dost know?

MASTER: The slag heap. Hurry.  
Fetch it to the pit.



- 1/91 -

WARD: Fetch it? Nay, tha's coming with us!

MASTER: No. Not me. This is only the bait. I have to return to the village to set the trap ...

- 91 -



38. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(HAVING CONNECTED A  
MINER TO THE  
EXTRACTOR, THE  
RANI MOVES TO  
THE TROLLEY ON WHICH  
THE DOCTOR IS  
STRAPPED.

SHE BRUSHES THE  
HAIR FROM BEHIND  
HIS LEFT EAR.  
STOPS. TOUCHES  
HIS SKIN.

PLACES A THERMOMETER  
ON HIS FOREHEAD.

BENDS TO LISTEN TO  
HIS HEART, TO HIS  
OTHER HEART!

BRUSQUELY SHE SWABS  
THE COAL DUST FROM  
HIS FACE!

THE COLD DOWSING  
REVIVES THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: (GENUINELY SURPRISED)  
Well, well, well. The Rani.

RANI: You were expecting to see  
the Master?

THE DOCTOR: See? Not exactly. Not  
unless he's grown a little larger  
since I last saw him!

RANI: Your smugness is misplaced.  
He's here. He's normal size. And he  
wants you dead - curse the pair of you!



(RANI CHECKS THAT  
THE TROLLEY STRAPS  
ARE SECURE)

THE DOCTOR: As we're insulting each other: I can't say I approve of your taste in clothes or make-up. Doesn't do a thing for you.

RANI: Likewise, your regeneration's not too attractive either. But at least I can change my clothes and make-up. You're stuck with what you've got.

THE DOCTOR: My face is of little importance. Brain regeneration's what I need! I should have been able to pin this down to you. Personality changes. In all probability due to imbalance of body chemicals. Yes, you're the obvious culprit. Well, you had me fooled, if that's any consolation.

RANI: It isn't.

THE DOCTOR: Of course, you'd have been discovered eventually. Even without my intervention.

(SHE DISCONNECTS  
THE MINER)

RANI: I never have.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, this isn't your first visit then?

RANI: I've been coming to this wretched planet for centuries.

THE DOCTOR: Without being caught? I'm impressed. You must be a brilliant tactician as well as a brilliant chemist.



RANI: It isn't difficult. These humans you so admire are a feckless lot. Always in disarray. The Trojan Wars. Julius Ceasar. The American War of Independence.

THE DOCTOR: And now the Luddite Riots.

RANI: Perfect cover.

THE DOCTOR: Cover, yes. For what?

(THE RANI PUNCHES  
ON THE SCANNER,  
DESERTED FIELD ON  
THE OUTSKIRTS OF  
THE VILLAGE.)

SHE SHAKES HER  
HEAD IMPATIENTLY)

I think I've got it. You're extracting a chemical from the brain. The result is the victims become aggressive. Violent. Can't rest - that's it. The chemical that promotes sleep!

RANI: I begin to understand why the Master finds you such a menace!

(RANI PUNCHES UP  
A DESERTED APPROACH ROAD  
TO THE VILLAGE)

(MUTTERS) Where is the idiot?

THE DOCTOR: I presume you're referring to the Master. (cont...)

(THE RANI PUNCHES ON  
THE SCANNER ANOTHER  
FIELD NEAR THE VILLAGE)



THE DOCTOR: (cont) Well, since I don't want to be a nuisance to you, why not release me?

RANI: So that you, too, can put a stop to my work?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly. Traditionally you've wished this planet no ill.

RANI: I don't know. It's simply they've got the sole source of supply -

THE DOCTOR: Source of supply! These are human beings, Rani. Living creatures who've done you no harm.

RANI: What harm have the animals in the fields done them? The rabbits they snare? Sheep they nourish to slaughter? They're carnivores. Do they worry about the lesser species when they sink their teeth into a lamb chop?

(ON THE SCANNER  
WE SEE THE MASTER  
HURRYING IN THE  
DIRECTION OF  
THE PIT.

QUICKLY THE RANI  
PUTS ON HER SHAWL.

TO JOSH)

Josh, guard him!

THE DOCTOR: Josh?

RANI: (TO JOSH) If he moves, kill him.  
(cont...)

(ABOUT TO LEAVE,  
SECOND THOUGHTS)



- 1/96 -

RANI: (cont) No, don't kill him,  
kill -

(INDICATING MINER)

- that one!

(TO DOCTOR)

Touché, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Don't hurry back.

- 96 -



TELECINE 12:

Ext. Village.

Adj. Bath-house. Day.

Disobediently watching  
from cover, PERI sees  
the OLD CRONE hastily  
quitting the bath-house.

She crosses the street.



- 1/98 -

39. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(PERI ENTERS  
DIFFIDENTLY)

PERI: Doctor?

- 98 -



40. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE WALL IS OPEN  
AND TWO MINERS LIE  
ON THE FLOOR.  
THERE IS NO TRACE  
OF THE CRIMSON GAS)

PERI: (VOICE) I know you're here.  
I'd've seen you leave -

(ENTERING - SHOCKED,  
SHE HURRIEDLY INSPECTS  
THE TWO MINERS.

THEN APPREHENSIVELY  
VENTURES THROUGH  
THE WALL)

Doctor?



41. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(PERI COMES IN)

PERI: Doctor!

(SHE RUSHES TOWARDS  
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Stop!

PERI: What d'you mean 'stop'? I'm  
going to free you -

THE DOCTOR: No! Don't come near me!

(HE LOOKS AT THE  
TWO ASSISTANTS)

Touch me and their orders are to kill!

PERI: Well - I can't just - I must  
do something!

THE DOCTOR: You can. Get that poor  
fellow out of danger.

(INDICATING MINER  
ON TROLLEY)

PERI: How?

THE DOCTOR: Use some of that famous  
American initiative! Push him out-  
side!



(PERI FROWNS AT  
THE ASSISTANTS)

PERI: But won't they ...?

THE DOCTOR: Their orders relate only  
to me. Now move, Peri!

(KEEPING A WARY EYE  
ON THE ASSISTANTS,  
PERI BEGINS WHEELING  
THE TROLLEY OUT OF  
THE LAB.

SHE HESITATES)

PERI: Orders? Whose orders?

THE DOCTOR: Just for once forget the  
cross examination and go!



42. INT. BATH-HOUSE. CHAMBER. DAY.

(PERI IS MANOEUVRING  
THE TROLLEY PAST  
THE RECUMBENT  
BODIES, WHEN THE  
LATCH RATTLES.

SHE FREEZES.

THE DOOR OPENS,  
AND IN COMES THE  
OLD CRONE, FOLLOWED  
BY THE MASTER)

RANI: Who's this brat?

(A BEAUTIFUL SMILE  
BRIGHTENS HIS  
FEATURES)

MASTER: My dear Rani, quite unwittingly you have made my triumph utterly complete. Allow me to introduce the Doctor's latest travelling companion ... Miss Peri Brown. Although her travelling days will soon be over ...



TELECINE 13:

Ext. Redfern Vale.

Lane. Day.

The AGGRESSORS march  
jubilantly towards  
the village, the Tardis  
borne on the redressed  
Drayman's wagon.



43. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

(PRODDED BY THE  
RANI, A CRESTFALLEN  
PERI RETURNS)

PERI: I thought he was dead.

MASTER: (ENTERING) As you observe,  
I am very much alive. Your erstwhile  
mentor, on the other hand, is about  
to - I believe the modern expression  
is 'snuff the candle'!

THE DOCTOR: Snuff the candle! You've  
always lacked style.

RANI: (CUTTING IN) Finish with the  
babbling.

MASTER: I've a score to settle with  
Miss Peri first.

(TO PERI)

When we last met, you could have saved  
me -

(TAKING OUT TCE)

- and didn't.

RANI: No! Don't kill the girl!



THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Rani. I'm glad you haven't quite sunk to the Master's depths.

(THE RANI GRABS  
PERI'S WRIST)

PERI: Hey, let go!

RANI: Be still!

(SHE CHECKS PERI'S  
PULSE)

Human.

MASTER: So?

RANI: Her brain's as good as anyone else's.

MASTER: No comment, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think I could stand it.

PERI: Stand what?

THE DOCTOR: A hyperactive Peri! It's too ghastly to contemplate.

PERI: What are you talking about?

MASTER: (TO PERI) We're being treated to an example of his famous sense of humour.

(TO THE DOCTOR)

I'm afraid, Doctor, even that will desert you soon.



TELECINE 14:

Ext. Outskirts of Village.  
Day.

The PROCESSION of the  
Tardis and the  
AGGRESSORS has reached  
the outskirts of  
the village.



44. INT. BATH-HOUSE. LAB. DAY.

MASTER: A turbulent time, Doctor,  
in Earth's history?

THE DOCTOR: Not one of the most  
tranquil, I agree.

MASTER: A critical period?

THE DOCTOR: You could say that.

MASTER: Oh, I do. The beginning of  
a new era!

(AN ABRUPT SWITCH  
TO PERI)

Why do you think that should happen  
now?

PERI: I guess I've never given it  
much thought.

(HER ATTENTION IS  
ON THE RANI WHO IS  
MAKING PREPARATIONS  
TO DRAIN PERI'S  
BRAIN)

MASTER: Ah, but you should. I'm  
talking about the impact of  
individuals. Has not your country  
based its philosophy on the cult of  
the individual? (cont...)

(HIS TONE IS  
CONTEMPTUOUS)



MASTER: (cont) A sentimental concept that squanders the opportunities presented by the exceptional gifts of these men of genius.

PERI: Doctor, do you get his drift?

THE DOCTOR: Only too well, Peri.

PERI: He wants to pervert history!

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid the Prince of Darkness here would not see it as perversion.

MASTER: Maudlin claptrap! The talents of these geniuses should be harnessed to a superior vision. With their help, I can turn this insignificant planet into a power base unique in the Universe!

THE DOCTOR: And you intend to use the Rani's bag of tricks to achieve this egocentric scheme.

(THE MASTER LAUGHS)

MASTER: You are indeed a worthy opponent, Doctor. It is what gives your destruction its piquancy!

(HE OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS OF THE  
SCANNER.

ON THE SCREEN,  
WE SEE THE AGGRESSORS  
WITH THE TARDIS)

Excellent! Feast your eyes, Doctor, on the imminent demise of the Tardis.

PERI: Demise?



MASTER: Death! Destruction! Finito  
Tardis! How's that for style?

PERI: Doctor, if they destroy  
the Tardis -

THE DOCTOR: (TO RANI) Very clever.  
Optical illusion recreated on the  
screen? I've tried that but never  
succeeded.

MASTER: It's no illusion.

(THE AGGRESSORS  
ARE IN THE VILLAGE)

PERI: I hope you're right, Doctor.

RANI: He's not.

THE DOCTOR: (TO PERI) Believe me,  
I am. The Rani's cleverer than any  
of us. She's obviously been able to  
modify this scanner so that it  
reflects what is in the mind instead  
of what is happening in reality -

MASTER: (TO PERI) Push!

PERI: The trolley?

MASTER: One false move ...

(HE LEVELS THE  
TCE)

PERI: Push it where?

MASTER: Outside.



RANI: No! He doesn't leave here -

(THE MASTER PULLS  
OUT THE PHIAL,  
FLAUNTS IT  
PRECARIOUSLY  
BETWEEN THUMB  
AND FINGER)

MASTER: I wonder how many weeks of  
work this represents. And how many of  
the Doctor's precious humans have  
contributed.

RANI: (TO PERI) Do as he says.

MASTER: (POCKETING PHIAL) You shall  
have the girl when we return.

(TO PERI)

Push! Unless you'd prefer a swifter  
end ...



TELECINE 15:

Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

With the AGGRESSORS  
the Tardis is borne,  
along the street.



- 1/112 -

45. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(FRAMED IN THE  
DOORWAY ARE THE  
DOCTOR STRAPPED TO  
THE TROLLEY AND  
THE MASTER WITH  
THE TCE TRAINED  
ON PERI)

- 112 -



TELECINE 16:

Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

The PROCESSION  
passes the GROUP in  
the bath-house doorway.

From their shouts, only  
the word 'pit' is  
distinguishable.

The MASTER indicates  
with the tce, that  
PERI, should ease  
THE DOCTOR further  
into the street.



46. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

MASTER: The Last Rites, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: I can't really see  
from this far away.

MASTER: You can hear!

(THE YELLS OF THE  
AGGRESSORS ARE LOUD)

THE DOCTOR: I gather they're going  
to throw it down the pit shaft.

MASTER: All the way ... down ...  
to the bottom.



TELECINE 17:

a) Ext. Pit. Gate. Day.

The AGGRESSORS reach  
the pit gate.

TWO GUARDS try to bar  
them, levelling their  
guns.

GUARD: Stop, or we'll fire!

The threat produces  
a hail of stones.

A shot sounds wounding  
ONE of the AGGRESSORS.

Without halting, and  
using the Tardis  
as a battering ram,  
they smash open the  
gate, overwhelming  
and knocking out the  
GUARDS, before continuing  
to the shaft.



- 1/116 -

47. INT. BATH-HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

(THE CLAMOROUS  
VOICES OF THE  
AGGRESSORS  
CAN CLEARLY  
BE HEARD)

MASTER: Nothing can stop them!  
Nothing!

- 116 -



TELECINE 18:

a) Ext. Pit Adj.  
Shaft. Day.

With a victorious  
hoist, the Tardis  
is heaved over the  
edge of the pit  
shaft.

INSERT SHOT OF SHAFT  
and the Tardis  
falling to its doom.

b) Ext. Village. Adj.  
Bath-house. Day.

So elated is the  
MASTER, that momentarily,  
his attention is  
taken from THE DOCTOR -

THE DOCTOR kicks the  
tce from the MASTER'S  
grasp.

THE DOCTOR: Shove, Peri! Shove!

Peri shoves! But in  
the wrong direction -  
down the hill towards  
the pit.

She sprints after it -  
but the trolley  
rattles on.

c) Ext. Village.  
Street. Day.

Gleefully, the  
AGGRESSORS are running  
from the pit.



- 1/119 -

OVERSCENE Peri's  
screams.

CLOSE ON TROLLEY hurtling  
for the gaping hole.

FADE OUT

- 119 -



WARD spots the  
trolley.

THE DOCTOR sighs  
with relief as the  
trolley loses  
momentum and slows.

PERI fetches up the  
rear but the  
AGGRESSORS get there  
first.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you. I'm most  
grateful. Now if you'd release -

He sees the red mark.

THE DOCTOR: Stay back, Peri! Sta-

WARD and the rest  
of the AGGRESSORS  
arrive.

WARD: Now it's your turn!

They grab the  
trolley and propel it,  
at great speed, towards  
the shaft.

PERI runs after them.

PERI: Let him go! Let him go!

CLOSER TROLLEY.

The trolley is racing  
towards the pit shaft.

A final mighty thrust  
from the AGGRESSORS.

INSERT HIGH ANGLED SHOT  
SHOWING INKY DEPTHS OF  
THE SHAFT.